
Title: One Hallow's Eve

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The night was
unnaturally eerie, the
sky as black as the
ink us scribes use to
fill our quills. Nary a
star could be seen in
the sky as the rain
that night blocked
what little Heavenly
light that did shine
down upon us.

I happened to glance
out the tavern
window to a horrific
scene unfolding before
my very eyes.
Instantly, a tale my
parents had told my
siblings and I came to
mind, one of those
that parents tell to
make their children
mind. Once grown into
a young adult, you
begin to realize what
they said about
creatures so evil and
foul was simply that,
a tale to scare the
wits and ensure good
behavior in their
children. My father's
favorite tale was that
of the Stealer of
Souls, or better
known as the Elder
Daemon himself. My
father had described
him down to the
littlest detail. What
I saw that night, out
the window was this
very creature. Loose
upon the world and in
Wilmeth.

I'm not ashamed to
say that I knelt
there by the tables
and prayed that he
would not turn his
glowing red eyes in
my direction. Nae, I
was not ready to give
up my own soul. As I
knelt there I was
still able to see his
movements and his
voracious actions.
Every living beast
within reach of his
grasp was doomed. He
effortlessly grabbed
the nearest helpless
creature within his
razor sharp claws, the
animals pitiful cries
could be heard over
the driving storm.
With his gaping maw
he devoured the beast
only to catch up
another and repeat the
carnage. Balanced upon
his two hooved feet,
his strength equal if
not greater than any
dragons, he turned,
scanning the area, the
night's blackness not
hampering his vision,
he looked for his next
prey. My fear, now
grown to terror the
likes I have never
known, I ducked low.
My head below the
window, praying for a
chance of luck,
perhaps he did not see
me or maybe I
would wake up in my
bed and this be all a
dream, I also asked
that if this was the
end, that it be swift
and my passing near
painless. He let out a
bloodthirsty roar and
I knew that he had
seen me and his roar
was of victory
practically at his
grasp. His footsteps I

could hear through the
substantial plaster
walls of the tavern.
With each step that
he took closer, I
renewed my prayers to
the "Gods that Be" to
save my poor wretched
soul from the type of
death headed my way.

"Thump... Thump..." I
heard him upon the
porch as he stepped up
onto the pavers. He
continued moving
closer. His steps
rattling the walls and
windows, the floor
shook beneath me. I
was alone and
cornered. None had
come out into the
gloom of the night
except myself, the
rain had seen to that.
I heard his claws
upon the doors as he
grasped it and pulled
one side open ripping
it off its hinges.

"Thump... Thump..." I
quickly rose to my
feet, his bloodied maw
open in a feral grin.
I uttered one last
prayer and closed my
eyes. Before my mind
could register what
was happening a
magical gate opened up
and I was pulled
through to safety.
My last vision of the
Elder Daemon was
that of surprise equal
to my own. He let out
an ear shattering
bellow and his eyes
promised that someday
he would find me,
that he had already
claimed my soul. In
his eyes, I was
walking dead.

Until then, I thank

the mage who opened
the gate and pulled me
through to safety. I
did not catch his
name, in fact, my time
with him was brief,
in fact, mere minutes.
He left me at the
hospice in Magincia,
in the care of healers.
Before he left though,
he told me it was his
life's mission to save
as many souls as he
could from the Balron,
until one day there
would be one with the
skill and strength and
would bring about its
demise.

I know not where
this foul creature has
journeyed too, but I
know he is still out
there, I can feel him
at times. Other times
it is as if his eyes
bore into the back of
my head, but when I
turn he is not there.
I know, someday he
and I shall meet
again, I fear my fate
will not be so
fortunate a second
time.

I caution thee, do not
spend a dark, starless
rainy night alone. He
is bound to be some
where near...

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